

## The Tragedy of Hamlet

*All. Gentlemen.*

*Hora.* Good my Lord be quiet.

*Ham.* Why I will fight with him upon this theam  
Untill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.

*Quee.* O my sonne, what theame?

*Ham.* I lov'd *Ophelia*, forty thousand brothers  
Could not with all their quantity of love  
Make up my sum: What wilt thou doe for her?

*King.* O he is mad *Laertes*.

*Quee.* For love of God forbear him.

*Ham.* Swounds shew me what thou't doe,  
Woo't weep, woo't fight, woo't fast, woo't teare thy  
Woo't drink up Efill, eat a Crocodile? (selfe,  
Ile doe't: doest thou come here to whine?

To out-face me with leaping in her grave?  
Be buried quicke with her, and so will I;  
And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw  
Millions of acres on us, till our ground  
Cindging his pate against the burning Zone,  
Make *Ossa* like a wart; nay and thou'lt mouth  
Ile rant as well as thou.

*Quee.* This is meere madnesse,  
And thus a while the fit will worke on him;  
Anon as patient as a female Doe,  
When that her golden cuplets are disclos'd,  
His silence will fit drooping.

*Ham.* Heare you fir,  
What is the reason that you use me thus?

I lov'd you well, but it is no matter,  
Let *Hercules* himselfe doe what he may

The Cat will mew, a Dogge will have his day. *Exit Hamlet*

*King.* I pray thee good *Horatio* wait upon him. *& Horatio.*

Strengthen your patience in our last nights speech,  
Wee'll put the matter to the present push.

Good *Gertrard* set some watch over your sonne,

This Grave shall have a living monument,

An houre of quiet thereby shall we see,

Till then in patience our proceeding be.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*

## Prince of Denmarke.

*Enter Hamlet and Horatio.*

*Ha.* So much for this fir, now shall you see the other:  
You doe remember all the circumstance.

*Hor.* Remember it my Lord?

*Ham.* Sir in my heart there was a kind of fighting  
That would not let me sleep, me thought I lay  
Worse than the mutines in the Bilbo's, rashly,  
And prais'd be rashnesse for it; let us know  
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well  
When our deep plots do fall, & that should learn us,  
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough hew them how we will.

*Hora.* That is most certaine.

*Ham.* Up from my Cabbin,  
My sea-gowne scarft about me, in the darke  
Crop't I to find out them, had my desire,  
Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew  
To mine owne roome againe, making so bold  
(My feares forgetting manners) to unfold  
Their grand Commission, where I found, *Horatio*,  
A royall knavery, an exact command,  
Larded with many severall sorts of reasons,  
Importing *Denmarks* health, and *Englands* too,  
With hoe such Bugs and Goblins in my life,  
That on the supervise, no leifure bated,  
No not to stay the grinding of the axe,  
My head should be strooke off.

*Hora.* Is't possible?

*Ha.* Here's the Commission, read it at more leifure:  
But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed?

*Hora.* I beseech you.

*Ham.* Being thus be-netted round with villaines,  
Or I could make a Prologue to my braines  
They had begun the Play: I late me downe,  
Devis'd a new Commission, wrote it faire:  
I once did hold it, as our Statists doe,  
A basenesse to write faire, and labour'd much  
How to forget that learning; but fir now

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